

MURDERED BY COURTIERS.

Girl Bound and Drowned Near the Palace of the Bulgarian Prince.

The most remarkable story of murder that has been revealed on the European continent since Stambouloff's assassination has, says the Sun, been unraveled slowly in Vienna, Sofia, and Philippopolis in the last six weeks. Unlike the plot against Stambouloff, it belongs outside of the domain of politics. It is largely a story of love and hate in the ordinary relations of society. Nevertheless it is of the same nature as did the political crime, regarding the barbaric life in the best society of a race that is supposed to be part of the civilized world.

mother, she was "not sure of even her life in that city." In a street of Philippopolis she met Botcheff with his wife. She asked him if she might speak with him alone. He pushed her away and called her a vile name. She struck him with her parasol. The street scene sealed her fate.

THE MURDER.

The murder was planned to the last revolting detail. When Botcheff drove to the city, she again grew apprehensive and she began to scream. Novelle promptly threw her back in the carriage and gagged her. The carriage passed through Clairan, a suburb of Philippopolis, and stopped on the banks of the river Maritza, just opposite the island on which is Prince Ferdinand's summer palace. The girl was dragged out. Botcheff pushed a chloroformed spongy under her nose. She tore it away and, with the strength of despair, broke away from the three murderers.

ENTICED ON THE STAGE.

Anna Simon was the daughter of a royal Hungarian official. Not far from her home in Budapest was a cafe-restaurant, whose manager was attracted by her beauty when she passed his resort twice daily, on her way to and from school. Five years ago last spring, when she was in her seventeenth year, he induced her to leave her home to sing and dance on his stage. Her father took legal steps to force her to return home, but the manager of the cafe-restaurant thwarted him by hurrying her off with a traveling company of music-hall performers to Prague. There she was known as the "beautiful Hungarian."

Anna Simon lived with Botcheff and his mother. That Mrs. Botcheff thus countenanced the relations of her son and the singer does not seem to have excited any comment in Philippopolis, nor do the Austrian and Hungarian newspapers seem to think the fact at all noteworthy. However, Botcheff vowed he would marry the girl. When he visited her parents at Budapest, he gave his word as a gentleman and an officer that he would marry her as soon as he should be promoted and receive pay enough to support a wife. By marrying her then, he asserted with truth, he would embarrass himself financially so as to be beyond hope of promotion.

In 1895 the captain's mother died. In the same year a shoe manufacturer's daughter moved to Philippopolis as the wife of the Bulgarian chief of telegraphs. She brought her husband a dowry of 100,000 francs, given her by a former "friend." This fact, too, passes without comment in the Austrian and Hungarian press. The wife of the chief telegrapher hated Anna Simon, who had outranked her socially in their native city, although both had moved occasionally in the same circle. She had a girl friend, daughter of Major George Pope, whom she decided to marry to Botcheff, to the discontent of the Simon girl. She and her friends worked upon his ambition and jealousy to alienate his affections from his mistress. Mrs. Botcheff's death had robbed Anna Simon of her only ally. She was unable to notice her own position in the plot. Botcheff decided to get rid of her. With the aid of two brother officers, he hired the house in which she was to be killed, and hired the assassins who were to kill her. He had arranged to marry her in a position of honor. He wished the other woman out of the way. In Bulgaria such a situation means either murder or suicide.

ASSASSINS IN WAITING.

Botcheff had the assassins waiting in the hired house on the outskirts of Philippopolis. He drove out to the house with Miss Simon. As they approached it his heart failed him. Her devotion to him caused him to repent, and, ordering the driver to turn back, he exclaimed: "There, Anna, is the house in which you were to be killed, but the murderers will wait for us in vain. I love you too much."

He then promised her to get a divorce from Major Pope's daughter soon after marrying her. The marriage was necessary, he explained, to secure his promotion to a rank in which he could support a wife properly. Major Pope was a power at court, and would obtain his son-in-law's promotion quickly and easily. Soon afterward Botcheff was married.

"I allowed him to be married," Miss Simon wrote to her parents. "He promised me that he would get a divorce and then marry me as soon as he should be in a position to support a family. His bride is not at all pretty. In a year he will leave her for me. My beloved swore to me on the crucifix: 'You know, darling Anna, that I love you alone and never will desert you.' Why, mother dear, should I doubt the word of my beloved in any respect?"

At the beginning of this year Miss Simon visited her parents in Budapest. Botcheff had not been promoted; he had almost forgotten her. He must be near him, and after a short sojourn at her home she started for Philippopolis, although, as she told her

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The real name of the victim was Dorcas. She was born at Augusta, Me., and, after a varied career, drifted to New York in the spring of 1836 and went to live with a woman named Rosina Townsend on the south side of Thompson street, between West Broadway and Hudson street, and two doors east of the latter. Thomas street has been for years surrendered to the dry goods trade, but was then residential and was included in what would now be called the Tenderloin. Dorcas Eyan was employed by Rosina Townsend as a young dry goods clerk who lodged in Dey street and masqueraded under the alias of Frank Rivers. His real name was Richard P. Robinson, and he was employed by Rosina Townsend as a young dry goods clerk who lodged in Dey street and masqueraded under the alias of Frank Rivers. His real name was Richard P. Robinson, and he was employed by Rosina Townsend as a young dry goods clerk who lodged in Dey street and masqueraded under the alias of Frank Rivers.

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GUILT ESTABLISHED.

Then followed evidence about the fence, whitewash, cloak, and hatchet, and the reason for the murder by the back door. As these links of evidence were forged in a circumstantial chain Robinson preserved the utmost equanimity, and yet the atmosphere of the court room seemed oppressive with the sense of his guilt. This atmosphere, however, cleared when Counsel Maxwell opened for the defense and furnished the first surprise by declaring that Robinson was really dazed by the information. Robinson arose and stated himself in order to contradict the officer of the law, who was once more puzzled to see him put over his dress a camel cloak. Next examining the bedroom the watchman discovered white marks on Robinson's trousers, that he at once reasoned had been made by whitewash from the fence; and on the bureau he found the miniature missing from Helen Jewett's bedroom. Robinson stoutly denied that he had been in the Thomas street house on the preceding Saturday evening. To all his statements the officer listened with incredulity and cautioned his prisoner not to talk, because whatever he said might be used in evidence concerning the charge; so Robinson remained silent, but seemed to be more and more affected at the narrative of the girl's wound and death, and the fire.

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A Life Saved. A FOND DAUGHTER WAS NIGH TO DEATH.

Frank B. Trout Tells a Reporter of How His Daughter's Life Was Saved. All Parents Should be Interested in This Narrative.

Using as a nucleus for his investigation the rumor that the life of the daughter of Frank B. Trout, well known in Detroit, Mich., real estate circles, had been saved, he reported called on Mr. Trout at his office, 103 Griswold avenue. Mr. Trout showed some hesitancy in giving his opinion for publication, but finally said: "Circumstances and a father's love for his child forced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but not until the whole medical profession had exhausted their skill. At the age of fourteen we had to take our daughter from school owing to her health. Before this she had been in the best of health, happy and in the best of spirits. She began to fall away and become pale and languid. She was so weak that she would fall down in a faint every time she tried to walk unassisted. The best of physicians attended her, but she continued to grow weaker and seemed to be gradually fading away. When she was fifteen she weighed only ninety pounds, and the doctors said she was anemic. Several physicians said she might outgrow it, but that it would no doubt terminate in consumption. No doctor we could help her, and we concluded ourselves we must lose our child, as she was growing weaker every day. We had tried all the well-known remedies, and finally about a year ago I bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and took them home. That day I had read of a case about the same as my daughter's, and decided to give them a trial, though I must confess I did not have much faith. Before she had taken all of the first box we noticed a change for the better. She, however, gained strength daily and looked brighter. Every one noticed the change, and I bought two more boxes for her. When she had taken two boxes she was strong enough to leave her bed, and in less than six months was something like herself. Today she is entirely cured, and is a big, strong, healthy girl, weighing 130 pounds, and has never had a sick day since. I do not think she uses them now, though I always keep them in the house. My wife and I have recommended them to our neighbors, and sent a few to another young girl who seems to be troubled somewhat as my daughter. Had not Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my daughter's life, I would not recommend them to any one. I know they do all and more than is claimed for them, and I am glad to recommend them to the world. I know Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People saved my daughter's life, and that is enough for me. F. B. Trout, fourth day of March, 1897. ROBERT E. HULL, Jr., Notary Public. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of what ever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

SCRANTON, FRIDAY JULY 30. BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST

And Congress of Rough Riders of the World.

Excepting additions, an exact duplicate, man for man and horse for horse, of the exhibitions given at the Columbian World's Fair at Chicago in 1893; all summer in New York in 1894, and in 500 of the principal cities of Europe and America, coming direct from its Tremendous Triumphant Inauguration of this Season's Tour at Madison Square Garden, New York City.

- Important Additions or Startling Features: Bringing the Cavalry of Civilization and Savagery Up-to-Date. More Men and Horses Than in Any Other Two Exhibitions. You May Never Look Upon Us Like Again. DON'T MISS THIS CHANCE. IT MAY BE THE LAST.

Colonel W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill). ANNIE OAKLEY--The Peerless Lady Wing Shot. JOHNNY BAKER--The Skilled Shooting Expert.

THE LAST AND ONLY HERD OF BUFFALO EXTANT. COVERED GRAND STAND, SEATING 20,000 PEOPLE. A FREE STREET CAVALGADE.

At 10 A. M., by a Detailed Detachment from each Division. The March followed by Three Magnificent Bands of Music, led by the Famed, World-Traveled ROYAL IRISH LANCERS.



BUFFALO BILL'S COWBOY BAND

At Night, a Brilliant Electric Display. Double Electric Plant of 250,000 Candle Power. TWO EXHIBITIONS DAILY, RAIN OR SHINE. Afternoon at 2 o'clock. Evening at 8 o'clock. Doors open an hour earlier. Night as Light as Day, and as Complete in Detail. General Admission, 50 Cts. Children Under 9 Years, 25 Cts.

Numbered coupon, actually reserved, seats will be sold on the day of exhibition at Powell's & Co.'s Music Store, 225-229 Wyoming Avenue. BICYCLES CHECKED ON GROUNDS.

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are located the finest fishing and hunting grounds in the world. Tickets to all points in Maine, Canada, and Maritime Provinces, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Canadian and United States, Northwest, Vancouver, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Ore., San Francisco.

ASK FOR THE BOOKLET ON LIGHT AND BURN

ROWN CACME OIL.

GIVES THE BEST LIGHT IN THE WORLD AND IS ABSOLUTELY SAFE FOR SALE BY THE ATLANTIC REFINING CO. SCRANTON STATION.

MADE ME A MAN. AJAX TABLETS POSITIVELY CURE ALL Nervous Disorders--Falling Memory, Insomnia, Headaches, etc., caused by Abuse of other Peoples and Indulgence in Intoxicants. They restore Lost Vitality in old or young, and are a God-send to the weak and nervous. They are sold in bottles of 50 and 100. For further information, time tables, etc., on application to E. V. SKINNER, G. E. A., 253 Broadway, New York.